

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

ALL CONTRACTS and bills for advertising payable monthly. Business Locals 10 cents per line first insertion and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

THE REPUBLICAN is pleased to contribute to public matters, but all notices of obituaries, marriages, divorces, and other personal matters must be accompanied by a check for the regular amount of the advertisement.

LETTING DOWN THE BARS.

Fair Jane stands near the woodland where
The bars have fallen and the field;
The cows are coming at her call,
Their treasure white to yield.
The sun is sinking through the trees
To give place to the stars.
And to the task the maiden bends
Of letting down the bars.

Young neighbor John, of manly mold,
But timid as a quail,
Climbs o'er the fence and gains her side
And helps her move the rail.
Her warm blush tells a tale, but fear
From speech his tongue forbids.
Till eyes meet eyes, then of his love
Her glance tells down the bars.

O woodland's breath and meadow's breeze,
And soft-eyed kine and birds!
Know ye the rapture in your midst
That cannot flow in words?
Nor wish for wealth, nor thought of fame,
Nor aught the moment mars.
These guileless souls find all their world
While letting down the bars.

—New York Advertiser.

THE ACTOR'S DAUGHTER.

"I should be almost inclined to curse you, Marie, if you did such a thing."
"Curse me! Oh, father!"
"There, there, Marie, do not weep. Of course I didn't mean that. But only think. For many years I have had a regular engagement, and should have saved money. If you should go to the manager, as you propose, and tell him that we were suffering for food—that your old father was lying sick in this miserable attic—he would tell you that I had been imprudent—that I had squandered my money, and that now, in my utter helplessness, I must suffer the consequences of my folly."
"Father, you accuse yourself wrongfully. You have reared and educated a family of three, and for many years have cared tenderly for poor mother, even through all the varied stages of consumption."
"The old actor's daughter sat silent and thoughtful for a time. She was revolving in her mind scenes and incidents of which her father was entirely ignorant. Let us describe them."
It was a period three months previous to the foregoing conversation. The mother had just been laid in the cold grave, and the father was, as now, unable to leave his room. The wolf was hovering around their door, and Marie, timid in action, but brave in heart, had resolved to assist the parent she loved so dearly.

It was a bitter winter's evening when she left her home for the purpose. The sharp blast cut her to the very heart, as she drew her thin mantle around her. But she had read in the papers that girls were wanted for the ballet at one of the theaters. They were to apply at the stage door that morning, but she had been unable to leave her father's side at that time. She feared she would be too late; still she could not try.
On reaching the stage door her heart almost failed her; but their home again rose up before her, and she ventured to accost the doorman.

"Want to see the stage manager, eh?"
"Yes, sir, if you please."
"Better wait till tomorrow."
"I tried to come today, sir, but could not."
"Indeed! Oh, here he comes; you can apply to him now."
That functionary happened to be passing, and hearing the words understood their import at once. He turned a searching look upon the poor girl, and was about to pass on. But he caught sight of her face in the gaslight, and said: "Not bad looking if she is in rags. So you want an engagement, eh?"
"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Marie.
"To play Lady Macbeth, I suppose?"
"No, sir, for the bat."
"Oh! Ever been on the stage before?"
"Only as a child, sir."
"Oh, only as a child! Do you sing?"
"Yes, sir—very well."
"Very well, so you think; I might not. Do you dance?"
"Yes, sir. Father was an actor, and he says I dance very well."
"Oh, then you can come tomorrow and try it."
"I will be here, sir."
"Bring your props with you."
Poor Marie hesitated, and the manager, observing this, said: "Oh, perhaps you don't know what I mean by props. Well, they are your feathers, jewels, ribbons, laces, tights, slippers, gloves, and so on. We only furnish the body of your dress."
The poor girl still hesitated, when the manager asked again, "Can't you furnish your own props?"
"I fear not at first, sir," was the timid reply.

"Then we don't want you."
The manager turned away, and Marie staggered toward the door, half blinded with grief and disappointment. But ere she had passed it a gentle hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a sweet voice exclaimed, "My dear child, come and see me tomorrow as early as possible. Here is my address."
Marie viewed the extended card and turned her eyes toward the speaker. She was a brilliant creature, and the poor girl tried to stammer forth a reply, but could not. She left the theater and took her way homeward. She could not help thinking of the beautiful lady and her magnificent dress, sparkling with jewels. What could she want with her?

Even bright pictures of the future rose before her vision, and these deluded the sharpness of her grief at the disappointment she had met with. She did not tell her father what she had done, or that she had an engagement to meet one of the great ladies of the theater.

On the next day Marie called at the place designated upon the card. Her visit was a lengthened one, but when she emerged from the lady's presence she looked comparatively happy.
One of the first things Marie did after returning home was to find the half-finished play which her father was writing; and alone in her own apartment she passed much time over it. She was also from her home a great deal, during which time her father supposed her to be at labor in the tailoring establishment where she occasionally found employment.

But if she became cheerful immediately after her first visit to the theatrical lady, it was not long after before she began to be thoughtful—then sad. She became very pale, and at the time the conversation between herself and father, described in the first part of this sketch, took place, she looked as if she could endure but little more, either of physical or mental exertion.

The father observed the increasing paleness of his child, and it had caused him much grief. But he had said nothing of the matter, for he did not know how he was to remedy it. He had been hopeful, but now had almost given up in despair.
As evening approached poor Marie grew still paler, but she spoke words of hope and comfort to her father, and that parent could not but look upon her in admiration as well as pity.

The hour came when business called her away. She pressed her marble cold lips to her father's brow. She held his hand in her own for a moment, and then drops fell upon it. Then she said: "Father, the darkest time is just before the dawn. Cheer up. I will return in a few hours, and tomorrow we will be richer than we are today."

The daughter left that wretched home. But no sooner had she taken her departure than her father began to think of her last words. They were strange. What could they mean? What act did Marie contemplate?

At first a suspicion swept across his mind—vague—but gradually assuming form. But as the thought pressed upon his brain it began to madden him, and for hours he tossed upon his bed of pain, calling for his child, praying for her safe return.

Midnight came and passed, and still Marie came not. Several times had the old actor resolved to arise and go in search of her, but he had not strength to do so, and as often would fall back upon his pillow, groaning in the agony of his soul.

Daylight came and still Marie had not arrived. But just as the sun began to throw its golden rays over the city, a carriage was heard to drive up before the actor's house. He listened. He heard a footfall upon the stairs and he recognized the footstep.

In a moment after Marie burst into the room. She rushed to her father's side and, throwing her arms around him, she wept.

The old man did the same; but he observed that Marie's dress was now of rich material and, putting her away, he contemplated her for a moment with a mournful expression. Then he said in a trembling voice: "Marie, my only child; your mother was a noble Christian woman. She would die before she would knowingly commit a wrong action. She knows your struggles and temptations, but will she approve of all your acts?"

"God and my sainted mother will both approve them!" exclaimed the girl in so earnest and deep a tone that it really startled her father; and as she spoke she fell upon her knees and raised her hands to Heaven.

"I believe you, Marie," said the father, "and I trust you will forgive me for harboring a suspicion for a moment. But tell me what has happened."

"I will, father. But you must promise in advance to forgive me for all that I have done without consulting you."

"I promise you."
"Well, then, I will commence by reading an article in the morning paper, which I procured as I came along."

"Does it refer to your affairs?"
"It explains all."
"Then let me hear it."

"Here is the extract, father: 'A DORABLE TRUMPET.—The new play produced at the theater last night proved to be one of the greatest successes of the season. Its name—'The Frozen Heart'—is sensational; the entire play abounds in beautiful passages and startling situations.'"

"The Frozen Heart," repeated the old actor, "why, that is the title of my unfinished play!"

"Your play was completed by myself, dear father, and it was your production and my own which was brought out at the theater last night, and with such unbounded success."

The old man was stricken speechless for a moment, and then the tears started to his eyes. But it was only upon the examination of the manuscript that he could convince himself that such was really the fact.

After this point was settled his daughter said, "Father, will you hear more of the article?"

"Yes, read."
"I will. Here it is: 'We must admit, however, that the splendidly effective and affecting acting of the debutante did much to insure its great success. With regard to Marie, as she is called.'"

"Marie, Marie!" repeated the old man. "Was it my Marie?"
"Yes, dear father, your own poor child, Marie, is the one here spoken of. And if my triumph brings me great joy, it is because I can provide for you now and repay you, to some extent, for the love and tenderness you have always bestowed on me."

It is not a wonder that father and daughter both wept. But those tears were of joy and gratitude for the blessings bestowed upon them. Who would snatch those blessings from the old actor and his child? Who would poison their delights and turn their now happy home into a place of sorrow?—Toronto Mail.

THE HATTER.

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We Men, I Mean!

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STOCK NOTICE.

THE FASHIONABLY BRED TROTTER STALLION

"DURANGO CHIEF."

No. 2314. RECORD, 2:34 1-4.

Standard under the highest rule of Breeding. At 8-years, Sire of Mark P, 4-year-old, record of 2:25½, and two others in the 2:30 list; also sire of Iowa Chief, 3-year-old, record of 2:35½, being the 3-year-old record of the Territory; also sire of Nettie with the 2-year-old record of the Territory, 3:31.

DURANGO CHIEF is by Durango No. 1115, record, 2:23½; sire of Jalisco, record, 2:21½, also five others in the 2:30 list.

DURANGO is by Strader's C. M. Clay, Jr., No. 22, sire of Henry Clay, 2:23½; and Durango, 2:23½.

First Dam, Sparta, by Longstride, No. 955; Longstride by Sweepstakes (with 22 in the 2:30 list); Sweepstakes by Hambletonian 10.

Second Dam, Tempie Abdallah by Gifford's Morgan, Jr.; Tempie Abdallah (is dam of Mollie Long, record, 2:29½; Avoca Girl, trial 2:30, and Badger, record 2:29 and sire of Chloe, record, 2:21, and Grand dam of Gypsy Boy, record, 2:28.

Third, Dam Sallie Green, by Hambletonian, 10, sire of Dexter, 2:17½, Nettie, 2:18; Orange Girl, 2:20, and thirty-nine other 2:30 performers.

Also Sire of Electioneer and George Wilkes.

Fourth Dam, Belle, dam of Green's Bashaw (sire of sixteen in the 2:30 list), and half sister to Hambletonian No. 10.

Fifth Dam, Charles Kent mare, dam of Hambletonian, No. 10, by Imp Bell-founder.

Sixth Dam, One Eye, by Bishop's Hambletonian.

Seventh Dam, Silver Tail, by Imp Messenger.

DURANGO CHIEF is a Beautiful Black, with left hind foot white to the ankle, stands 15½ hands high and weighs 1150 pounds.

He is strongly inbred to Ryskyk's Hambletonian No. 10, (from where over one-half of all the 2:30 trotters have descended), and the outcrosses of his breeding are to be found in almost every 2:30 trotter in existence. In fact, Durango Chief is the immediate product of the incomparable combination of the Hambletonian, American Star, Woodbury Morgan, Pilot, Jr., and Membrino Chief families, topped out by the best representatives of the Clay families as an out-cross.

Particular attention is called to his Royal line of maternal dams, trotting breed, back seven generations, and he is the result of long, straight and intelligent trotting breeding. The trotting instinct has been so fully bred into him that he is completely moulded to all its requirements. All admirers of a representative of the American trotting horse are invited to call and see him.

DURANGO CHIEF will stand in Phoenix, at Commercial Hotel Stables, for the Season, February 1, to July 1. TERMS, \$50, payable at close of Season, with usual return privilege. Mares pastured and cared for at \$2 per month. Not responsible for accidents or escapes. M. H. PORTER, T. W. FEMBERTON, JOHN HOPLEY, Owners.

WALKER MONTROSE.

Will make the ensuing season at Phoenix Race track from Feb. 1st to July 1st 1892.

Walker Montrose was foaled in Monroe county, Missouri, May 16th 1887; stands 15½ hands. He is a beautiful bay, fine style under saddle or in harness, was shown all through the Northern Circuit, Cal., last fall as a saddle horse, and never failed to get first premium. Took first premium at Sacramento State Fair as the best stallion, mare or gelding.

Walker Montrose was sired by Montrose, he by Gages Denmark, he by Gaines Denmark, he by the famous four-mile race horse, Denmark. First dam Mary Jackson, by Restless, he by Jack White (thoroughbred). Second dam Fannie Boy, by Kentucky Whip.

Walker Montrose goes all the gaits under saddle at will of the rider, trots altogether in harness.

This stallion will be very valuable to those who are desirous of raising a high-class of saddle horses; a thing which has been much neglected in the past in Maricopa county.

Terms for season, \$25.00, payable at end of season.

Mares pastured at \$2.00 per month no responsibilities for escapes or accidents.

Wm. M. BILLUPS,

Phoenix, Ariz.

THE ELECTIONEER STALLION BOYDELL.

Will make the ensuing season Feb. 1st to July 1st, 1892 at Phoenix, A. T., Race Track 1½ miles south of Phoenix.

Boydell was bred by Gov. Stanford, on Palo Alto stock farm, Cal. Was foaled Feb. 28, 1886, sired by Electioneer, the greatest of all trotting sires. First dam Sontag Dixie, (standard) by Toronto Sontag. Second dam by Billy Townes. Third dam by Sir Charles.

Toronto Sontag was by Toronto Chief. Boydell is a beautiful bay, stands 16½ hands, weighs about 1,200 lbs., of fine style and his gait is a paragon of perfection.

A full brother to Boydell Commotion record, 2:30. Del Mar, 4-year-old, 2:20. Sonnet, a half sister, 2:24½, shows that Sontag Dixie produces speed as well as Electioneer, with twenty-two colts with records from 2:30 to 2:08½ and one hundred in the 2:30 list.

Arion, by Electioneer, 2-year-old, 2:10½ sold for \$150,000. Boydell is by the same sire.

Terms \$50.00 for season, payable at end of season. Good pasture for mares at \$2.00 per month but no responsibility for escapes or accidents.

Wm. M. BILLUPS,

Phoenix, Ariz.

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MARICOPA:

2:05 A. M. DAILY MIXED TRAIN FOR Tucson, Benson, Lordsburg and intermediate stations.

6:35 A. M. DAILY PACIFIC EXPRESS for points in California, Nevada, and Washington.

10:45 A. M. DAILY ATLANTIC EX press for Tucson, Benson, Deming, El Paso, San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans.

6:10 P. M. DAILY MIXED TRAIN FOR Yuma and intermediate stations.

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RICHARD GRAY,

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MR. A. REDEWILL: Dear Sir—It affords us great pleasure to testify to your ability as a practical piano tuner, as well as to your thorough knowledge of the construction of the piano forte. We can safely recommend you as one of the very few members of your profession as thoroughly reliable and competent. C. D. PEARY & CO., Piano Factory New York.

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RAILROAD NEWS.

DR. G. H. Keefer has returned to Phoenix "via" New S. P. Railroad, and purchased the Opera Drug Store, and will be pleased to meet you all.

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